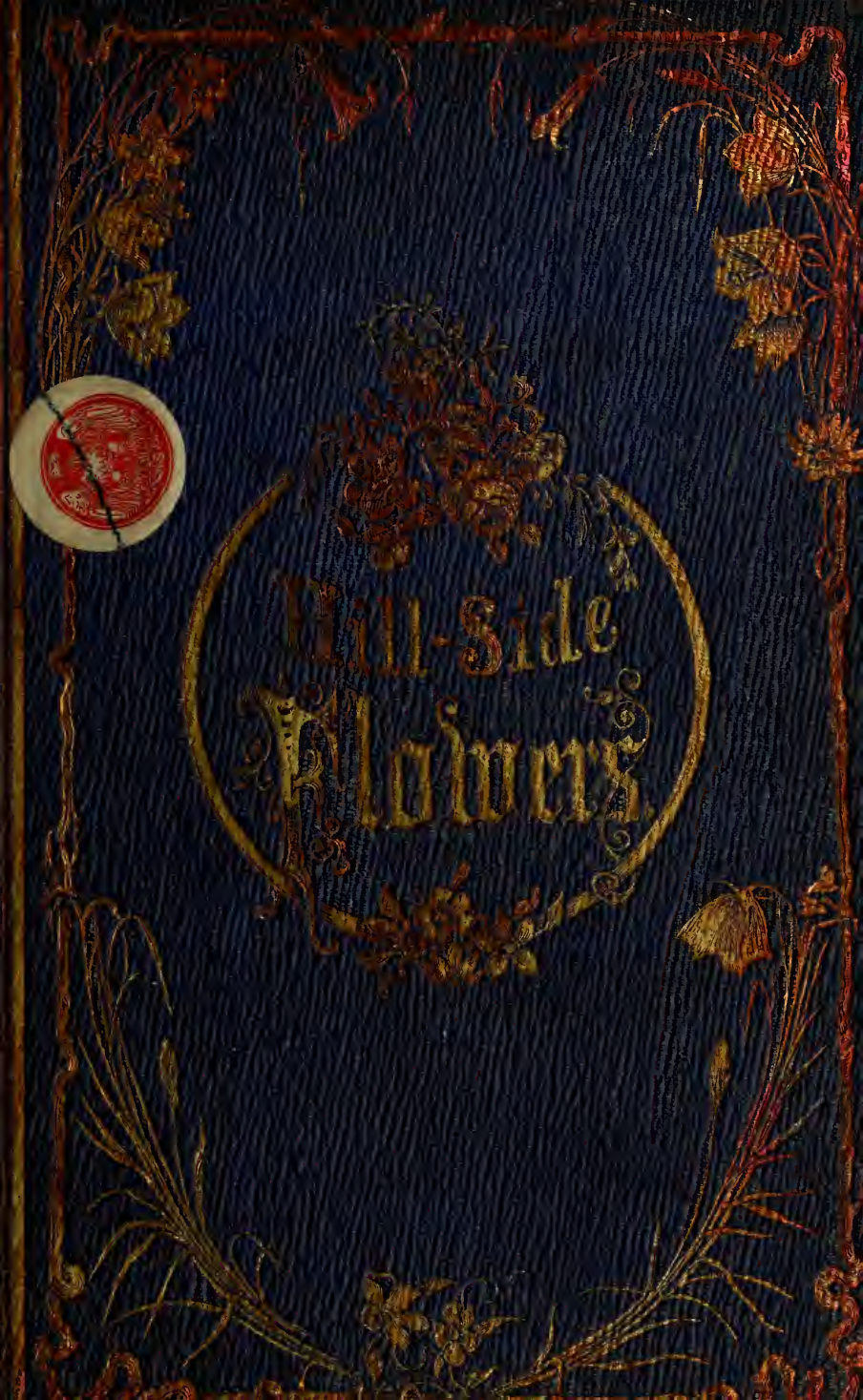

Hill-Side
Flowers

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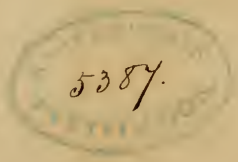
HILL-SIDE FLOWERS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

The Rev. Bishop Simpson, D. D.

"A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay."

COWPER.



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Introduction.

Who does not love flowers? So pure, so bright, so beautiful they are, they seem to reflect the smiles of Heaven. The infant presses them eagerly to its lips, and the old man, bending toward the grave, gazes with delight on their graceful forms and gorgeous colors. The village school-boy, amid his gleeful frolics, stops to pluck the sweetly-opening bud; and the May-day queen exults in bearing on her brow the roseate crown. Other ornaments are fancied or contemned, according to the varying circumstances of wealth, position, or caprice. But flowers are universal ornaments. The forest-maidens amid savage tribes, and the noble damsels attendant on England's queen, are alike

enchanted by their fragrance and their hue. The rose and the honey-suckle climb alike upon the undressed corners of the rude cabin, and upon the costly lattices of titled wealth. The same flowers give their perfumes to the lonely chamber of the solitary widow, and to the glittering saloons of festive mirth. They vie with the diamond on the brow of bridal beauty, and they bloom on the grave where loved ones sweetly sleep. They are Heaven's universal gifts to the poorest of the poor, and yet "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Poetry has many resemblances to flowers. Its flow of measured words, its sententious form and fanciful imagery, strongly impress the memory and interest the fancy. And when, as in rhyme, there is a recurrence, at regular intervals, of similar sounds, the pleasure is enhanced, especially to the youthful mind. Who has not noticed the facility and fondness with which children remember poetic stanzas? Who does not, even in age, remember those simple nursery rhymes which are singularly diffused in some form in almost every land? And how

many lips, in maturer life, whisper that simple prayer learned in infancy at a mother's knee—

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

So also formulas in science and facts in history are frequently more firmly fixed in the memory by the aid of verse.

Nor is the charm of poetry confined to childhood. Youth blooming into maturity is emphatically the poetic age. The unimpaired senses drink in the delights of earth, and air, and sky. The vivid fancy throws its coloring over every scene, and the warm affections seek a fervent utterance. Few are there in such an age who have not essayed to clothe some of their thoughts in the robe of poesy. And in advanced life how many of the wisest and strongest have uttered their noblest sentiments and highest imaginings in such a form, either to satisfy their own internal promptings, or to delight and instruct the millions of the coming youth? Even in old age, many a distinguished Christian has spoken his experience and his

hopes in the form of some well-remembered verse, and said, in life's failing moments, with a dying Wesley,—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

Every land has its legends and songs. The wild Indian chief speaks in poetic figures when he proudly terms the sun his father and the earth his mother. The old Greek felt the inspiration of the spirit of poetry, as he sat upon his mountain summits and looked forth over his island-gemmed seas. As he listened to the dashing of the bold waves and the wild whistling of the winds, he fancied the mountains and oceans to be filled with gods. Pan piped in his forests, and Apollo played at the sparkling fountains. The Gaelic tribes, in their northern abodes, had fancies of elf, and fairy, and enchanted circles; and they embodied in verse those romantic legends which served as the type of those since known as Ossian's Poems. And oriental nations, in the warm climate of "Araby the Blest," had their Aladdin's lamp and ring of

Gyges, and signets of wondrous power. Their very prose is filled with figures and imagery, fanciful and hyperbolical.

Everywhere, and in all ages, the human breast swells with the love of the beautiful. Poetry and flowers are daughters of the beautiful. Flowers are the poetry of the gardens and fields; and poetry forms its loveliest garlands of the flowers of speech. The essence of each is its power to excite the emotions of beauty and delight. The flower is alike admired, as a flower, whether it be medicinal, poisonous, or simply ornamental;—whether it grows on the briar, the vine, or the tree of precious fruit. It may be more highly prized for its associated virtues; but as a flower, its form, its fragrance, and its hues determine its value. So is it with poetry. Alike it may enrobe the loftiest teachings or the most sensual conceptions. It imparts beauty alike to the heroic verse of Homer, or to the amorous songs of Anacreon—to the pure and sublime utterances of a Milton, or to the fascinating yet tainted imaginings of a Byron. It adorns alike the songs which are

heard in the temple of God, or the lays which add excitement to Bacchanalian feasts.

The poet should be a true man—a lover of his race—a pure, elevated, and holy teacher. But as a poet, having been impressed with the beautiful and the sublime, he simply writes either to gratify his own taste or to delight others. It is true, a poem may abound in historic information, pure precepts, strong arguments, and scientific illustrations; yet these are not poetry. They may be uttered without its form. So, too, poetry may exist without these high accompaniments. If he writes to please himself, the poet gives us some picture of his own heart. If that heart be unrenewed, his fancyings will be of the "earth, earthy." If the fountain is impure, the stream cannot be of crystal. If he writes to please the masses, he will find, in their depraved and vitiated taste, an apology for utterances which offend the ear of virtue. Many such allusions, especially in the older poets even of mightiest mind, are found in pages which else are resplendent with thoughts grand and sublime. Many for a time

soar with the sun-gazing eagle, but sink to earth again, and, with soiled plumage, take rank with birds of night.

Much of the poetry in general circulation is either light, heartless, and valueless, or alluring, captivating, and pernicious. Too frequently vice is enrobed in beauty—vain and wicked amusements are represented as refined and elevating—and even, with Circean skill, the poisonous cup is wreathed with fragrant flowers. Of poetry, as well as of song, it may be said,

> "Wicked, and lewd, and light the lay
> Tends to the soul's undoing,
> Widens and strews with flowers the way
> Down to eternal ruin."

To secure the beautiful, and yet to reject the poisonous, selections of poetic flowers may form bouquets of fragrant odor and of richest hue, alike personally delightful, and suited for presents to younger friends. Such a collection is this bouquet of "Hill-side Flowers." It has been arranged by ladies of high intellectual culture and of refined taste. As a general rule, it has not been prepared from works in ordinary circula-

tion, but has sought rather to present, in a permanent form, either original contributions, or selections from the graceful poetry that so often adorns the periodical literature of the day. Nor will these flowers

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Not for personal pleasure or gain have they been culled. The profits are devoted to a temple of God which stands in a lovely rural district near the banks of the Hudson. These flowers are an offering from ladies who projected the enterprise, and who desire to consecrate them to bloom around its altar.

Most cordially is this volume commended to the youth of the land—both for its own merits, and for the benevolent design which prompted its preparation. May its readers add to intellectual acquirements and true refinement the higher graces of Christian purity and activity! and when they have ceased to bloom on earth, may they, in oriental phrase, shine as the "stars, those everlasting blossoms of heaven!"

M. Simpson.

Pittsburgh, *August*, 1855.

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HILL-SIDE FLOWERS.

Hope.

There is an evening-twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lull'd to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy West.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight-hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth the cheek was crimson'd with her glow,
Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of woe
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born;
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die,
Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mock'd the passing clouds that dimm'd its blue,
Like our own sorrows then, as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too,—on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright;
Her promised bower of happiness seem'd nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;
And though at times might lower the thunder-storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now;
That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness
Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow;
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hush'd the last deep beating of the heart;
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A moon-beam in the midnight cloud of death.

Life and Death.

"What is life, Father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail;
Where the weariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail;
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day nor night;
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is death, Father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er,
And the angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from our failing hand
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble, I fear,
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for Heaven, my dear,
In the battle-field of life.
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

The Householder.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER OF THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

O THOU blest Householder!—the starry dawn,
The light crepuscular, the roseate morn
Long since have melted into day!
Long since the glow of youth's third hour,
And the bird's song, and fancy's magic power,
Have traceless, soundless, pass'd away.

Ent'reth the sun into his zenith height,
Ent'reth the mortal into manhood's might,
Op'neth once more the vineyard gate,
And laborers are call'd!—but Honor's dream
Entranced my soul, and made religion seem
As naught,—glory was man's estate!

The ninth hour found me in "the market-place,"
Stern passion ruled my heart, care mark'd my face,—
How could I hear thy blessed call?
To glitter, to achieve, to lose, to gain,
Form'd every hope or thought, delight or pain,
And the vain world was still my all!

The tenth hour sounded in my startled ear!
Thy gracious Spirit touch'd my heart with fear!
The "harvest ended" with the day!
That thought imbued my mind! "not saved?"
too late?
I left the throng—I sought the vineyard gate,
'T was shut! Death-struck, I turn'd away.

Low sank the sun adown the western sky,
And all my cherish'd joys were vanity!
Now, neither Earth nor Heaven was mine!
Rejected, lost, abandon'd, and forlorn,
Of God, it seem'd, not loved, of Hell the scorn!
No hope, or human, or divine,

Brighten'd my sad, cold, doubting, desert mind!
The world, a wilderness! Heaven's self unkind!
"Blackness of darkness" was my way!
Slow struck the eleventh!—Thy light around
me broke!
And deep into my soul these words were spoke:
"Why stand ye idle all the day?"

"Enter and work throughout the waning hour."
Lord of the vineyard, grant thy servant power
To labor, love Thee, and obey!
Let every thought or word, deed, wish, be Thine!
Thine be all honor, glory, praise divine!
And let Thy pardon close my day.

Nearer to Thee.

Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone;
Yet in my dream I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!

Sonnet.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

I LIVE lamenting my departed years,
Spent in the vain love of an earthly thing;
No flight essaying, though my soaring wing
Had borne me on perchance to lofty spheres.
O Thou who seest my misery and my tears,
Invisible, eternal, Heavenly King,
Help for this soul, feeble and wandering,
Support her weakness and allay her fears.
So that if I have lived in storm and strife,
Shelter'd in peaceful haven I may rest;
And my last hour, O be Thou near to aid,
On Thee, thou knowest, my only hope is staid.



THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE AT JERUSALEM.

BEING PART OF THE WESTERN WALL OF THE ENCLOSURE OF THE HARAM

The Hebrew Mourner.

Psalm cii, 1–16.

Why, trembling and sad, dost thou stand there
and mourn,
Son of Israel, the days that can never return?
And why do those tear-drops of misery fall
On the moldering ruin, the perishing wall?

Was yon city, in robes of the heathen now clad,
Once the flourishing Zion where Judah was glad?
And those walls, that disjointed and scatter'd
now lie,
Were they once vow'd to Heaven and hallow'd
on high?

Yet why dost thou mourn? O, to gladness
awaken!
Though Jehovah this city of God has forsaken,
He preserves for his people a city more fair,
Which a ruthless invader no longer shall share.

No longer the tear for your city shall flow;
No longer thy bosom the sad sigh bestow;
But night shall be follow'd by glorious day,
And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

The Prince whom ye pierced and nailed to the tree,
There reigns in ineffable glory for thee;
There Jesus, who died for your sins on earth, lives:
Haste, haste to his bosom—he sees and forgives.

Daffodils.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Flutt'ring and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed,—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Do with thy Might.

Do something—do it soon with all thy might:
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God, inactive, were no longer blest.
Some high or holy enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue
With thoughts all fix'd, and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And strength to give the praise where all is due!

The Heavenly Visitant.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.
Rev. iii, 20.

Welcome, bright guest of Heaven!
Lo, at the outward threshold of my door,
I kneel to Thee with grace unknown before,—
Thy knock my heart hath riven!

I know Thee who Thou art!
Spirit of my ascended Lord and King!
Enter, possess, and rule!—let me Thee bring
Within my heart of heart!

'T is all I have to give!
My soul redeem'd, forever be Thine own!
Forever at the footstool of Thy throne,
Upward would gaze and live.

And art Thou here at last?
Wilt Thou convert, accept, with me abide?
May I to Thee each hope, each care confide?
Couldst Thou forgive the past?

This heart of guilt, of stone?
This wayward, fickle, contumacious soul?
And of my secret sins, the long, long roll,
Couldst Thou for these atone?

All power from heaven is Thine!
Long have I known thy glorious works, O Lord!
But them, not Thee, have worshiped and adored,—
Now Thou thyself art mine!

Spirit of God! bright guest!
God of the Bible! of my inmost heart!
God of my pardon'd soul! in every part
My comforter, my rest!

Exceeding great reward
Of Thine atoning, sacrificial love,
How hast Thou raised my thoughts this world above,
Saviour, Deliverer, Guard!

Such, such Thou art to me!
So here, e'en here, within mine inmost breast,
Reign Thou o'er all, and let me be Thy guest,
And let me sup with Thee!

Assist thy servant, Lord,
In holy converse bland, to sup with thee!
As face doth answer face, set each doubt free,
By thine own precious word!

Sublime each thought; the soul,
As leaven, leaveneth the whole; restore
To life, till love no compass hath for more,
And heaven imbue the whole.

The whole, the whole be Thine!
Vain world, with all thy blandishments, adieu!
Bright Guest! blest Host! I feel thy promise true!
I taste the life divine.

Work.

What are we set on earth for? Say to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

The Orphan's Dream of Christmas.

It was Christmas Eve—and lonely,
By a garret-window high,
Where the city chimney barely
Spared a hand's breadth of the sky,
Sat a child in age,—but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seem'd too scant a record
To have eight years traced therein.

O, grief looks most distorted
When his hideous shadow lies
On the clear and sunny life-stream
That doth fill a child's blue eyes!
But *her* eye was dull and sunken,
And the whiten'd cheek was gaunt;
And the blue veins on the forehead
Were the penciling of want.

And she wept for years like jewels,
Till the last year's bitter gall,
Like the acid of the story,
In itself had melted all;
But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketch'd by faithful memory.

Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went round;
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were no unfamiliar sound;
When, lit by the log's red luster,
She her mother's face could see,
And she rock'd the cradle, sitting
On her own twin brother's knee.

Of her father's pleasant stories,
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had mark'd those Christmas times.
'T was as well that there was no one
(For it were a mocking strain)
To wish *her* a merry Christmas,
For *that* could not come again.

How there came a time of struggling,
When, in spite of love and faith,
Grinding poverty would only
In the end give place to death;
How her mother grew heart-broken,
When her toil-worn father died,
Took her baby in her bosom,
And was buried by his side.

How she clung unto her brother,
As the last spar from the wreck;
But stern Death had come between them
While her arms were round his neck.
There were *now* no loving voices;
And, if few hands offer'd bread,
There were none to rest in blessing
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,
It was less of joy than fear;
For they welcomed Crime more warmly
To the self-same room with her.
But at length they all grew weary
Of their sick and useless guest;
She must try a work-house welcome
For the helpless and distress'd.

But she prayed; and the Unsleeping
In His ear that whisper caught;
So he sent down sleep, who gave her
Such a respite as she sought;
Drew the fair head to her bosom,
Press'd the wetted eyelids close,
And with softly-falling kisses,
Lull'd her gently to repose.

Then she dream'd the angels, sweeping
With their wings the sky aside,
Raised her swiftly to the country
Where the blessed ones abide:
To a bower all flush'd with beauty,
By a shadowy arcade,
Where a mellowness like moonlight
By the Tree of Life was made;

Where the rich fruit sparkled starlike,
And pure flowers of fadeless dye
Pour'd their fragrance on the waters
That in crystal beds went by;
Where bright hills of pearl and amber
Closed the fair green valleys round,
And with rainbow light, but lasting,
Were their glist'ning summits crown'd.

Then, that distant-burning glory,
'Mid a gorgeousness of light!
The long vista of Archangels
Could scarce chasten to her sight.
There sat One! and her heart told her
'T was the same who, for our sin,
Was once born a little baby
"In the stable of an inn."



There was music—O, such music!—
They were trying the old strains,



That a certain group of shepherds
Heard on old Judea's plains.
But, when that divinest chorus
To a soft'ned trembling fell,
Love's true ear discern'd the voices
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grotto's entrance
A fair child her eyes behold,
With his ivory shoulders hidden
'Neath his curls of living gold;
And he asks them, "Is she coming?"
But ere any one can speak,
The white arms of her twin brother
Are once more about her neck.

Then they all come round her greeting;
But she might have well denied
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died;
And the careful look hath vanish'd
From her father's tearless face,
And she does not know her mother
Till she feels the old embrace.

Ah, from that ecstatic dreaming
Must she ever wake again,
To the cold and cheerless contrast,—
To a life of lonely pain?
But her Maker's sternest servant
To her side on tiptoe stept;
Told his message in a whisper,—
And she stirr'd not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking
With a dim uncertain hue,
And the chilling breeze of morning
Came the broken window through;
And the hair upon her forehead,
Was it lifted by the blast,
Or the brushing wings of seraphs
With their burden as they pass'd?

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad hearts below;
But that deep sleep still hung heavy
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow.
To her quiet face the dream-light
Had a ling'ring glory given;
But the child *herself* was keeping
Her Christmas-day in heaven!

The Phantom.

Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-briers' arms have wrestled upward,
In the summers that are past;
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind remember'd faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;

They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair!

O flutt'ring heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long; but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before;
The foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

The Dying Poet.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE.

The lyre in breaking breathes a tone of power;
The fading lamp, while in its dying hour,
 Flashes its parting ray of quiv'ring light;
The dying swan beholds the azure sky:
'T is man alone who looks on days gone by,
 And as he counts them, mourns their rapid
 flight.

And what were worth the days that we deplore,
A sun, a sun; an hour, and then an hour,
 Each one resembling that before it flown;
One takes away that which another brings
Labor, repose and grief fly on its wings.
 Thus goes the day, and then the night is gone.

Ah! let him weep whose clinging hands embrace,
As twining ivy clasps the broken vase,
 The ruined wreck of years—his hopes must
 fail—

For me—not rooted in this earthly bower,
I go, without an effort, like the flower,
Borne lightly on the gentle evening gale.

In the vain hope of glory's brilliant dream,
Man throws, in passing to the rapid stream,
A name that each day weakens in its flow.
With the bright wreck, Time's dashing billows play;
From age to age it floats—and then its ray
Is quench'd in dark Oblivion's depths below.

I cast another name upon the wave:
As the wind wills, it floats, or finds a grave,
And shall I then myself more noble deem?
The swan, who to the vaults eternal flies,
Friends does he ask if still the shadow lies,
Thrown by his wings upon the turf of green?

Then wherefore sing'st thou? Ask the nightingale,
Why, through the night, her soft tones never fail
To mingle with the brook's low minstrelsy?
I sing, my friends, as man his breath inhales,
As coos the dove, as sigh the autumn gales,
As the stream murmurs on in melody.

'T is all my life—to love, and pray, and sing,
Of all the joys that o'er existence fling
Their charm, at parting, I regret alone
The ardent sigh that softly mounts above,
The lyre's ecstasy, the silent love
Of a fond heart, when press'd against mine own.

At beauty's feet, to feel the lyre's deep thrill,
From chord to chord, to see the harmonious rill
Steal in the breast, that plighted love endears,
Causing the tears from hidden founts to flow,
As from a chalice filled, the winds that blow
Gem all the ground with bright Aurora's tears.

To see the modest virgin's plaintive glance,
Turning in sadness to the blue expanse,
As if to fly with sounds that take their flight;
Then falling on you, fill'd with light divine,
Under those drooping lids her deep eyes shine,
Like the bright fire that trembles in the night.

To see the shade of thought pass o'er her brow,
And while denied free utterance—soft and low,
To hear the word break on the silent hour—

I love—the word which echoes from high heaven,
This word—the word, to gods and men both given,
Which to call forth a sigh alone hath power.

How profitless the word! regret! a sigh!
My soul is on the wing of death borne high
To where their instinct my desires bear;
I go where Hope her flood of radiance pours,
Where goes the sound that from my lute now soars,
Where go the sighs that I have breath'd in air.

As the bird sees amid the shades of death,
So Faith, the soul's clear eye, while ebbs my breath,
With glance prophetic, shows me things to come;
How oft amid the fields of bliss, my soul
Hath soared above the mists and shades that roll
About the death, thus cloth'd in shadowy gloom.

Break, cast unto the winds, the flame, the wave,
The lute which never but one answer gave:
I go to touch the lyre of seraphim.

Like them, immortal, I with joy may guide,
With my lyre's tones, suspended heavens that glide
Unto the music of my lofty hymn.

Soon—but Death's icy hand hath touch'd the string—
'T is broken—as it breaks, the chord doth fling
A deeply plaintive sound on empty space;
My lute is silent.—Friends, take up your lyre;
Let my soul pass from this world to a higher,
Amid the sacred concerts of your praise!

The Song of the Wave.

I am free! I am free! I have slumber'd long
In the winter's icy chain;
But the hills and the shores shall resound to my song
As I glide to the billowy main.

I lay like a giant wrapp'd in sleep,
Till arous'd by the Spring's soft call;
But I rise in the might of the swelling deep,
And I burst my frozen thrall.

Onward I dash with arrowy spring,
And I bound in frolicsome glee;
For mine is the joy of an untamed thing—
The imprison'd wave is free!

O mine are the sparkles of sunny gold!
And mine the foamy crest!
And the changing skies their hues unfold
On my proudly heaving breast!

O mine are the showers of pearly spray,
Which I fling on the pebbly strand!

And the music is mine of the wind's wild lay,
The tones of the spirit-land!

My bosom bears the white-sail'd bark
To the distant Indian shore;
And its crystal gleams with a crimson spark
At the flash of the sun-lit oar.

Onward I rush in my wild career;
Yet tempt not mine hour of wrath,
When my dark and swollen form I rear
Round the proud ship's ocean path.

Beware! beware! when in thunder speaks
The voice of my rolling surge!
And the dismal wail of the cold wind shrieks
The mariner's lonely dirge!

Ye are mine—ye are mine—in my hour of pride,
Ye that sport with a thing like me!
Ye that dare your fragile barks to guide
O'er the waves of the wild blue sea!

The loved of many a home shall sleep
In the ocean's coral cave;
For what human might can stay the sweep
Of the untamed, unqual'd wave!

Flower-Teaching.

Blue-eyed child of Spring,
Lowly, loving thing,
Lessons full ye bring!
Modest Periwinkle!

Clinging to the earth,
Her, who gave thee birth,
Cherishing her worth—
Grateful Periwinkle!

Sheltering her so,
When the rough winds blow,
And the sun is low,
Loving Periwinkle!

Greenest in the frost,
When the sunbeam's lost,
And the dead leaf's toss'd—
Patient Periwinkle!

Vig'rous in the cold
Of the snow-drift's fold,
Like true heart, and bold,
Noble Periwinkle!

First to ope thine eyes,
Blue as April skies,
Where a tear-drop lies,
Hopeful Periwinkle!

Smiling to the sun,
Thanks for what he 's done,
Thoughtful little one!
Loyal Periwinkle!

Welcoming the flowers
To the sunny hours,
And their waiting bowers,
Courteous Periwinkle!

Friendly is thy hue,
Type of loving true,
Flower, fair and blue—
Faithful Periwinkle!

Upward thou dost turn,
Holy truths we learn,
Heaven we discern!
Sacred Periwinkle!

Thirty-Five.

"THE YEARS OF MAN'S LIFE ARE THREESCORE AND TEN."

O WEARY heart, thou 'rt half-way home!
We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come
As to the grave's forgetful night.
Give youth and hope a parting tear,
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And Reason takes the guidance now—
One backward look—the last—the last!
One silent tear—for youth is past!

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Mem'ry on?
O, lonely looks the downward track—
Joy's music hush'd—Hope's roses gone!
To pleasure and her giddy troop,
Farewell without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way and spirits droop
To think that love may leave us here!
Have we no charm when youth is flown—
Midway to death left sad alone?

Yet stay! as 't were a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a bright'ning light from far,
Steal down a path beyond the grave!

And now, bless God! its golden line
Comes o'er and lights my shadowy way,
And shows a dear hand clasp'd in mine!
But list what those sweet voices say!
The better land 's in sight,
And by its chast'ning light,
Gilding thy pathway in its even,
Will guide thy spirit safe within the gate of heaven!

The Cypress-Tree of Ceylon.

Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveler of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the inhabitants, the leaves of which were said to fall only at long and uncertain periods; and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored at once to youth and vigor. The traveler saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently waiting the falling of a leaf.

They sat in silent watchfulness
The sacred cypress-tree about,
And from the wrinkled brows of Age
Their failing eyes look'd out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there,
Through weary night and ling'ring day;
Grim as the idols at their side,
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above,
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;
Unseen of them, the island flowers
Bloom'd brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
The thunder crash'd on rock and hill;
The lightning wrapp'd them like a shroud,
Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?
The Moslem's sunset call—the dance
Of Ceylon's maids—the passing gleam
Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf
Of which the wand'ring Jogees sing,
Which lends once more to wintry Age
The greenness of its Spring.

O! if these poor and blinded ones
In trustful patience wait to feel
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
A youthful freshness steal:

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree
Whose healing leaves of life are shed
In answer to the breath of prayer,
Upon the waiting head:

Not to restore our failing forms,
Nor build the spirit's broken shrine,

But on the fainting Soul to shed
A light and life divine:

Shall we grow weary at our watch,
And murmur at the long delay?
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
When on the heathen watcher's ear
Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong;
And in the ear of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer;
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
Our souls can do and dare.

But O! we shrink from Jordan's side—
From waters which alone can save;
And murmur for Abana's banks,
And Pharphar's brighter wave.

O! Thou who, in the garden's shade,
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumber'd at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of Thy pain:

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free;
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee!

The Air-Spirit.

My home is in yon fleecy cloud
The sun is gilding bright;
But you will seldom find me there—
I am the Spirit of the air!
Uncertain is my flight.

I wander through each verdant bower,
And bear the perfume on;
I cull the sweets from every flower,
And pass along at evening hour,
Welcome—and lost anon.

I swiftly glide along the deep,
And curl the slumb'ring wave;
I fill the sail, and waft along
The boatman's peaceful evening song;
Then sleep in Echo's cave.

But when my harp I lightly touch
Such magic strains I pour,
The soul that listens to my lay,
Wrapp'd in bright visions, soars away
To its own native shore.

Yet think not that I always play,
 Like child in fairy bow'r;
Though soft and gentle I may seem,
And nothing worth my pow'r you deem—
 I bide my coming hour.

With sudden heat's expansive force,
 O'er sea and land I rave—
An oak-tree for my scepter take;
Of lofty towers my crown I make;
 My suppliants, the brave.

I drive my car with vengeful speed,
 Nor fleet nor forest spare;
And India's treasures are no more
Than sands upon the silver shore
 Where Fancy braids her hair.

Serenade.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"What strange, sweet melody is this
Which rouses me from sleep?
O mother, see what may it be
In the night-hour still and deep!"

"I hear no sound—I see no form—
Slumber and rest once more.
My poor, sick child, no serenade
Is sung before thy door."

"They are not earthly tones which fill
My soul with such delight!
Angels are calling me with songs!
Then, mother dear, good-night!"

The Christian.

Who is as the Christian great?
 Bought and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
 Soars aloft and walks with God.

Who is as the Christian wise?
 He his naught for all hath given;
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
 Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.

Who is as the Christian bless'd?
 He hath found the long-sought stone;
He is join'd to Christ, his rest—
 He and happiness are one.

Earth and heaven together meet,
 Gifts in him and graces join;
Make the character complete,
 All immortal, all divine.

Lo! his clothing is the sun—
 The bright Sun of righteousness;

He hath put salvation on—
Jesus is his beauteous dress.

Lo! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesus' breast his head,
Feasts forever on his love.

Angels here his servants are;
Spread for him their golden wings;
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

Who shall gain that heavenly height?
Who his Saviour's face shall see?
I who claim it in his right,
Christ hath bought it all for me.

Hush!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast;
But surely, in the far, far distance
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking!"
Calmly still she strove to speak;
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flush'd in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts
I can hear a horseman ride."

"It is only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover-grass;
They were startled and fled to the thicket,
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couch'd in the forest,
And the children were at rest.
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed.
But rest to the weary spirit!
Peace to the quiet dead!

The Three Voices.

What saith the past to thee? Weep!
Truth is departed:
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint-hearted;
Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal;
So, as a funeral bell, slowly and deep,
So tolls the past to thee! Weep!

How speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be traced,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sunward!
Look where the light fringes the far rising slope,
Day cometh onward.
Watch! tho' so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side
Than armies of Satan against thee allied.

Ma Mignonnette.

Roses are called queens;
Tulip, a lover means;
Lilies white praised be,
In their humility—
But, lowly Mignonnette,
What is the price that 's set
On thee?

Gaily the garden flowers
Laugh through the golden hours:
Lifting their beauteous heads
Proudly above their beds,
Our meek-eyed Mignonnette,
Unenvied, still will let
Them bloom!

Giving, with lovely grace,
The best and choicest place
To flowers more rare;
Calmly contented where
None but this Mignonnette
Ever could nurture get
To grow.

Loving the most to fall
Close by some mold'ring wall,
Breathing out fragrant sighs,
Greenest where ruin lies,
Like love that 's unspoken;
But known by the token,
Tenderest Mignonnette,
Too faithful to forget,
Teach us!

Modest in quiet bloom,
Asking a little room,
Sure to be always found
Sweetest on poorest ground,
Cheering a lonely spot,
Pitying the desolate:
Such is our Mignonnette—
Love is the price we set
On thee!



VENICE.

Venice.

Night on the Adriatic! Night!
And like a mirage of the plain,
With all her marvelous domes of light,
Pale Venice looms along the main.

No sound from the receding shore,—
No sound from all the broad lagoon,
Save where the light and springing oar
Brightens our track beneath the moon:—

Or save when yon high campanile
Gives to the list'ning sea its chime,
Or when those dusky giants wheel
And smite the ringing helm of Time.

* * * * *

The domes suspended in the sky
Swim all above me broad and fair;
And in the wave their shadows lie,—
Twin phantoms of the sea and air.

O'er all the scene a halo plays,
Slow fading, but how lovely yet;
For here the brightness of past days
Still lingers though the sun is set.

Oft in my bright and boyish hours
I lived in dreams what now I live;
And saw these palaces and towers
In all the light Romance can give.

They rose along my native stream,
They charm'd the lakelet in the glen;
But in this hour the waking dream
More frail and dreamlike seems than then.

A matchless scene, a matchless night,
A tide below, a moon above;
An hour for music and delight,
For gliding gondolas and love!

But here, alas! you hark in vain,—
When Venice fell her music died;
And, voiceless as a funeral train,
The blacken'd barges swim the tide.

The harp which Tasso loved to wake
Hangs on the willow where it sleeps;
And while the light strings sigh or break,
Pale Venice by the water weeps.

From Gold to Gray.

Golden curls, profusely shed
O'er the lovely childish head,—
Sunshine, caught from summer skies,
Surely here entangled lies:
Tossing to the light winds free,
Radiant clusters, what are ye?

Types of Time, that ripples now
In bright wavelets o'er the brow,—
Of the hopes and feelings blest,
Dancing in the guileless breast,
Beautiful in their unrest:
Sparkling joys and willing faith
Rising to Love's lightest breath;
Of the future seeming fair,
That may darken with the hair.

What are ye, dark waving bands,
That beneath the maiden's hands
Sweep around her graceful head?
Fold o'er fold of changeful shade

Touch the cheek's contrasted bloom
With the poetry of gloom.

Offerings for a lover's eye,
Emblems of Love's witchery,
Round her heart that richly lies,—
Shadows, while it beautifies;
Keepsakes Love delights to give,
Did each friend one tress receive,
Every shining tress were lost,
For the maiden hath a host.
Ay! but trouble, stories say,
Locks as rich hath worn away.
What of this? But friends grew spare
As the scant and falling hair!

Wherefore send your pallid ray,
Streaks of cold, untimely gray,
Through the locks whose burnish'd hue
Hath but seen of years a few?
Autumn leaves on summer trees
Were less sorrowful than these.

Portions of life's travel-soil;
Footprints left by Grief and Toil;
Relics, too, of watchings late,
When one curl was too much weight

On the hot brows, bending o'er
Some grave book of ancient lore.
'T is the mourning Nature wears
For the hopes of younger years;
And the scorching breath of care
Thus can fade the brightest hair.

Hail to thee, thou glistening snow!
Full of placid beauty, flow
O'er the furrow'd brows that bear
Life's long story, written fair.
'Tis the white foam, cast aside
After Time's receding tide.

Yea, and pleasant types are ye
Of each moonlight memory;
Shining from his far-off prime
To the old man's evening time.
More—ye are reflections shed
From the heaven above his head;
Pale, but still assuring ray,
Of his nearly risen day.
Mortal! may thy hoary hair
E'en such glorious meaning bear,
That its silver threads may be
Messengers of light to thee!

The Little Boy that Died.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of gladness glide,
For my heart and eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died!

I went one night to my father's home—
Went home to the dear ones all;
And I softly opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kiss'd me and then she sigh'd;
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he play'd;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decay'd.

I shall see his toys, and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they all shall speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house,
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our soul shall know no blight,
Our love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the River of Life,
And drink of its crystal tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died!

The Divine Pilgrim.

Birds have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,—
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed;
All have their rest from care,—
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

And yet he came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast.

Why then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay his head!

I, who once made Him grieve;
I, who once bid His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essay'd to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn:—

O why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes! but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face
That once was pale and agonized for me!

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head.

Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth thou lovest,—within
A heart, that for thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

The New Jerusalem.

We are on our journey home,
Where Christ, our Lord, is gone;
We will meet around his throne
When he makes his people one
In the New Jerusalem!

We see our distant home;
Though clouds rise oft between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the New Jerusalem!

O! glory shining far
From the never-setting sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the New Jerusalem!

Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see,
O Lord, the heavens bow,
And raise us up to thee,
To the New Jerusalem!



THE VALLEY OF SHECHEM

AS IT NOW APPEARS FROM THE BASE OF MOUNT EBAL

Judea.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like
throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea.
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee!

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore
Where the pilgrim and prophet have linger'd
before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod,
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue hills of the sea! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat
down,
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was
thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark! a sound in the valleys, where, swollen
and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in
vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the
slain!

There, down from his mountains, stern Zebulon
came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame;
And the chariots of Jabin roll'd harmlessly on,
Near the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which
rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the Princess of Issacher stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo! Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys
between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angel rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;

But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring
trod;
I stand where they stood with the Chosen of God;
Where His blessing was heard, and His lessons
were taught;
Where the blind was restored, and the healing
was wrought.

O! here with his flock the sad Wanderer came;
These hills He toil'd over in grief are the same.
The founts where He drank by the way-side still
flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed
on His brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead and chains on her
feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath
gone,
And the holy Shekinah is dark where it shone!

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God!

Where my spirit has turn'd from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness He moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me.

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer—

Yet, loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly, and the penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O! the outward hath gone—but in glory and power,
The Spirit survived the things of an hour;
Unchang'd, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

Futurity.

And O, beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil,—I am strong,—
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills with last year's thrush. God keeps a
niche
In heaven to hold our idols! and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,—
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,—
The dust shook from their beauty,—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

The Angel of Death.

O glorious world! thou art deck'd in pride,
And crown'd with joy like a mortal bride;
The robe of majesty thou dost wear
Glows with the hues of the changing year.
Strange beauty dwells on forest and plain,
On snow-capp'd mountain and swelling main,
On rose-hued glacier and rocky isle,
And vale, where the waving harvests smile.
Bright warblers dwell in thy perfumed groves,
The snowy sail o'er the blue lake moves;
And marble column and gilded spire
Gleam on the plain in the sun's red fire.
The spell of unmingled beauty is thine,
O glorious world! yet I call thee mine.
By the lightning's flash, by the tempest's gloom,
By the whirlwind's rush I blast thy bloom.
I bow the pride of all living things,
I shadow them all with my brooding wings;
They fade, they droop at my withering breath,
Mighty I am, and my name is Death!

O man, thou hast furrow'd the ocean wave,
Hast wrested the gold from the earth's dull cave,
And lit thy steps by its glittering ray—
Thou hast track'd the stars in their pathless way—
Hast called from the mountain's marble breast
Bright gems, like the visions which haunt thy rest.
A sacred fire to thy lips is given—
Thou hast breathed in song thy dream of Heaven.
The spell of the unchain'd thought is thine,
And the mighty will, yet I call thee mine.
In festive hour, from the social throng
I banish the smile, and hush the song!
Sad hearts, lone homes, mark my way of wrath,
And tears of men are the dew of my path!

When armies come forth in their martial might
To battle for glory, and honor, and right;
When the trumpet sounds, and the clashing steel rings,
I sweep o'er the field:—my waving wings
Stir the quivering banner and pendant plume,
And I mark mine own and speak their doom.

At calm of night, when the moon looks down
Serene and pale o'er the slumbering town,
When music and voices, and sounds of day,
Have pass'd from the silent halls away;

When the streets re-echo no passer's tread;
When flit round the tranquil sleeper's head
The shadowy circle of golden dreams,
And hush'd in repose all being seems—
Lo! a shriek of fear and a sound of strife,
And the struggling groan of the parting life
Break shrill and dread on the midnight air,
Mingled with wailing and tones of prayer,
The watcher pillows the dying head,
The mourner bends o'er the cold, still dead—
O starry night! thou art bright and fair,
But my solemn presence too is there!

Yet call me not stern, although my sway
Bid peasant and monarch pass away;
The strong-arm'd youth, the maid in her bloom,
O children of earth, I call ye home!
Are ye happy here? Would ye remain,
Sullied by sin?—bound by the chain
Of strong affection which grasps the soul
And bows it to earth in its fierce control?
In your yearning fondness, ye have made
Gods of the things which alter and fade.
Bright hopes are nursed in the trusting breast
Like the unfledg'd brood of the wild bird's nest;
They found their wings,—one by one have gone,
Their home is desolate, left and lone.

Ye mark the flight of your passing years
By the whiten'd locks and the trace of tears.
I set you free from the binding chain,
I wash you pure from the guilty stain.
Th' undying soul, the spark of heaven,
The holy light to your weak frames given,
Fears not my power—I bid it rise,
Perfect and pure, to the happy skies.
Children of sorrow! I make you bless'd—
I call you home to a glorious rest!

The Butterfly.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE.

Born with the spring-time, with the roses dying,
Wafted on the Zephyr's wing to the skies so bright;
On the newly-open'd bosom of the flowers lying,
Richly steep'd in perfume, in azure, and in light,
Shaking off the golden dust to its pinions given,
Floating like the summer's breath to the vaults of heaven—
This is the Butterfly's destiny so fair!
Resembling desire, that with unresting wing,
Ever unsatisfied, glancing on everything,
Returns at last to Heaven to seek for pleasure there.

"Are we almost There?"

"Are we almost there—are we almost there?"
Said a dying girl as she drew near home—
"Are those our poplar-trees which rear
Their forms so high 'gainst heaven's blue dome?"

Then she talk'd of her flowers, and thought of the well,
Where the cool water splash'd o'er the large white stone,
And she said it would soothe like a fairy spell,
Could she drink from that fount when the fever was on.

While yet so young, and her bloom grew less,
They had borne her away to a kindlier clime;
For she would not tell that 't was only distress
Which had gather'd Life's rose in its sweet spring-time.

And she had look'd, when they bade her look,
At many a ruin and many a shrine—

At the sculptured niche, and the pictured nook;
And mark'd from high places the sun's decline.

But in secret she sigh'd for a quiet spot,
Where oft she had play'd in childhood's hour;
Though shrub or floweret mark'd it not,
'Twas dearer to her than the gayest bower.

And oft did she ask, "Are we almost there?"
But her voice grew faint, and her flush'd cheek pale;
And they strove to soothe her with useless care,
As her sighs would escape on the evening gale.

Then swiftly, more swiftly, they hurried her on;
But anxious hearts felt the chill of despair;
For when the light of that eye was gone,
And the quick pulse stopp'd, she was almost there!

In this Dim World.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know till wilder'd eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And ready for the harvest home,
The reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled;
Awhile she sat with folded wings,
Sung round us a few hoverings,
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-wing'd angels nurture her.
With heaven's white radiance robed and crown'd,
And all love's purple glory round,
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning land serene
She walk'd between us twain like love;
While in a robe of light above
The better angel walk'd unseen.

Till Life's highway broke bleak and wild,
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed and courage fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

The wave of Life hath backward roll'd
To the great ocean, on whose shore
We wander up and down to store
Some treasures of the times of old.

And still we seek, and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear,
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
On desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through Life's wild rents,
And through the open door of Death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the heart that bleeds;
The best fruit loads the broken bough,
And in the wounds our sufferings plow;
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

Funeral Hymn.

SUNG IN THE BLACK FOREST.

Neighbor, accept our parting song;
The road is short, the rest is long:
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence,—
This is no house of permanence.

On bread of mirth and bread of tears
The pilgrim fed these chequered years;
Now landlord world, shut to the door,
Thy guest is gone for evermore—

Gone to a realm of sweet repose,
His comrades bless him as he goes:
Of toil and moil the day was full,
A good sleep now,—the night is cool.

Ye village bells, ring, softly ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring,
Which from this weary work-day tryst
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ.

And open wide, thou Gate of Peace,
And let this other journey cease;
Nor grudge a narrow couch, dear neighbors,
For slumbers won by life-long labors.

Beneath these sods how close ye lie!
But many a mansion 's in yon sky.
E'en now, beneath the sapphire throne
Is his prepared through God's dear Son.

"I quickly come!" that Saviour cries;
Yea, quickly come, this church-yard sighs.
Come, Jesus, come! we wait for thee,—
Thine now and ever let us be.

The Bugle-Song.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
Blow, bugle, blow!—set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle! answer echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle! answer echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, on field, on river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes answer, dying, dying,
dying!



- "The splendor falls on castle walls."

Enigmas.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

A BRIDGE weaves its own arch with pearls
 High o'er a tranquil dark gray sea;
And in a moment it unfurls
 Its dizzy span unbounded, free.

The tallest barks, with swelling sail,
 May pass beneath its arch with ease;
It bears no burden, 't is too frail,
 And when thou wouldst approach it flees.

With floods it came, and disappears
 Whene'er the water's course is seal'd.
Say where its lofty arch it rears,
 And by what architect reveal'd?

Know'st thou the picture soft of hue?
 Itself the fountain of its light.
Each moment changing to the view,
 Yet ever perfect, fresh, and bright.

'T is painted in the smallest space,
Within the smallest frame enclosed;
But of earth's greatness not a trace
Without it e'er had been disclosed.

Canst thou to me the crystal name?
No jewel equals it in worth;
It flashes, but without a flame,
Drinks in the boundless spheres of earth.
E'en Heaven's self in radiance plays
Within its magic circle bright;
Yet though it drinks celestial rays,
More lovely far is its own light.

Invocation.

O God, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me!
While thee, all infinite I set
By faith, before my ravish'd eye;
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.

Eternity Thy fountain was,
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere Time began its race,
Ere glowed with stars th' ethereal blue.
Greatness unspeakable is Thine;
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine;
When earth and heaven are fled away.

Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea;
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

Thy parent hand, Thy forming skill,
Firm fix'd this universal chain;
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets the wand'ring thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye
By Thee was to perfection brought!
High is Thy power above all height
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

Heaven's glory is Thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway;
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see
Is plain and naked to Thy sight;
What thickest darkness vails, to Thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light Thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew.

Heaven, Earth, and Hell stand all display'd,
And open to Thy piercing view.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
Th' immortal armies of the sky:
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thund'rest, and amazed they fly!
With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling, they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art:
The conscious creature feels thy nod;
Thy forming hand on every part
Impress'd the image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and Truth before thee stand;
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy waken'd wrath does slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!
To thy benign indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;

And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, Great Source of Being, flow.

Parent of good! Thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings now distills;
And all in air, or sea, or land
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in Thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those Thy daily favors share
Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.
Thy sun, thou bidst his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
On all who hate or bless Thy sway,
Thou bidst descend the fruitful shower.

Yet, while at length, who scorn'd Thy might,
Shall feel thee a consuming fire;
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to Thy love aspire!
All creatures praise the Eternal Name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flame,
Awake the everlasting song!
Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Not Lost art Thou to Me.

Not lost art thou to me;
Thou, the departed!
A presence still of thee
Dwelleth instead.
I turn, and thou art not—
Yet know thee near;
There is that can part not—
Absent, yet here.

The blind there is, heareth;
The deaf, yet hath sight;
Day to one sense appeareth;
To one is night;
And a sense in my spirit
Liveth to thee!—
None other hath merit,—
Pleasure for me.

Often, thou precious one,
Is thy shade near;
Oft, as I sit alone,
Doth it appear:
Not in voice, not in form,
Gesture or air;—
But the life of thy being,
Thy presence, is there.

When riseth the full soul
In anguish on high,
Thou dost its grief control;
Thou then art nigh.
In hope, thou art o'er me!
And sunset doth bring,
'Mid hues I've watch'd with thee,
A violet wing.

In music descending,
Thou comest to me;
Joys past with thee blending,
Ah! mournfully.
Let morning's glad brightness,
The fountain, the tree,
Clouds passing in lightness,—
All tell of thee!

Not lost art thou to me,
O thou departed!
A presence still of thee,
Dwelleth instead:
I look, and thou art not!
Yet art thou near:
There is that can part not—
Absent, yet here!

To a Clover.

Thou art a little rustic flower
That none may see in lady's bower;
That never shone in minstrel's lay,
Or form'd a wreath on festal day.
Thou and thy lowly sisters lie,
Unmark'd by many a passing eye;
But those who chance to linger near
Will find, throughout thy little sphere,
There breathes a sweetly-perfumed air
Which brighter spots might never share.
Loved flower!—though beauty mark thee not,
Thou still dost flourish unforgot;
For where thou art must ever be
The breath of life and liberty!
No cultured flowers here mock thy bloom,
Or render faint thy soft perfume;—
Thou liv'st apart—the gay parterre
May never own thy presence there.
And now to me thou art a thing
From which the sweetest thoughts may spring—
All holy—for they 're born above,
Where He who form'd thee dwells in love,
And fondly guards the wild-wood flower,
Till vanish'd is its little hour.



"Dear was the early sound
That floated from thy joyous bells."

Sunday Evening.

Farewell, sweet day of rest!
Gladly at morn I hail'd thy light:—
And now I see thee in the fading west,
Taking thy flight.

Bright fleeting season stay!
Nor to the past yet hurry on;
Still, still I would detain thee, on thy way
To Sabbaths gone.

Dear was the early sound
That floated from thy joyous bells;
Inviting to the consecrated ground
Where Jesus dwells.

Deserted now thy fanes:—
The herald's voice—the song—the prayer
Are silent; but the fragrance still remains
That fill'd me there.

Calm for the weary breast!
I hail thee, foretaste of a life
Where, in an endless Sabbath, we shall rest
From mortal strife.

Saviour! thy gift I sing!
Thine is the day:—thine let it be;
And may each hallow'd season nearer bring
My soul to Thee!

Abide in Me, and I in You.

That mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee.
From this good hour, O leave me never more!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be heal'd,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love,
Each half-form'd purpose, and dark thought of sin;
Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine;
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me; there have been moments pure
When I have seen thy face, and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hush'd,
Own'd the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be.
I pray thee now fulfill my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me and I in thee.

Morning Prayer.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORF.

O SILENCE, wondrous and profound!
O'er earth doth solitude still reign;
The woods alone incline their heads,
As if the Lord walk'd o'er the plain.

I feel new life within me glow;
Where now is my distress and care?
Here in the blush of waking morn
I blush at yesterday's despair.

To me, a pilgrim, shall the world,
With all its joys and sorrows, be
But as a bridge that leads, O Lord!
Across the stream of Time to thee.

And should my song woo worldly gifts,
The base rewards of vanity:
Dash down my lyre! I 'll hold my peace
Before thee to eternity.

May-Flowers.

Rose! Rose! open thy leaves!
Spring is whispering love to thee.
Rose! Rose! open thy leaves!
Near is the nightingale on the tree.
Open thy leaves!
Open thy leaves!
And fill with balm-breath the sun-lit eaves.

Lily! Lily! awake, awake!
The fairy watcheth her flowery boat.
Lily! Lily! awake, awake!
O! set thy scent-laden bark afloat.
Lily awake!
Lily awake!
And cover with leaves the sleeping lake.

Flowers! Flowers! come forth, 't is spring!
Stars of the woods, the hills and the dells!

Fair valley Lilies, come forth, and ring
In your green turrets your silvery bells!
Flowers, come forth!
'T is spring! 't is spring!
And beauty in field and woodland dwells.

The Mansion of Rest.

I talked to my fluttering heart,
And chid its wild wandering ways;
I urged it from folly to part,
And husband the rest of its days.
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors that fancy had dress'd;
I whisper'd 't was time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

A charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay:
"O! come, then," she cried, with a smile,
"And I'll show you the place and the way."
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And vow'd to be always her guest;
"Nevermore," I exclaim'd, "will I roam
In search of a Mansion of Rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly ;
Not long was my fancy beguiled,
For too soon I confess'd, with a sigh,
That the syren deceived while she smiled.
Deep, deep did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and unwary breast,
Till the door of each avenue closed
That led to the Mansion of Rest.

Then Friendship enticed me to stray
Through the long magic wiles of Romance ;
But I found that she meant to betray,
And shrunk from the sorcerer's glance.
For experience has taught me to know
That the soul who reclines on his breast,
May toss on the billows of woe,
And ne'er find the Mansion of Rest.

Pleasure's path I determined to try,
But Reason I met in the way ;
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my way.
She cried as she show'd me the grave,
With nettles and wild flowers dress'd,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave,
"Behold there the Mansion of Rest!"

She spake and half-vanish'd in air,
For she saw mild Religion appear
With a smile that might banish despair,
And dry up the penitent tear.
Doubts and fears from my bosom were driven,
And pressing the cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to heaven,
She show'd the true Mansion of Rest!

Sonnet.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now my frail bark through life's tempestuous flood
Is steer'd, and full in view that port is seen
Where all must answer what their course has been,
And every work be tried if bad or good.
Now do those lofty dreams, my fancy's brood,
Which made of art an idol and a queen,
Melt into air; and now I feel, how keen!
That what I needed most I most withstood.
Ye fabled joys! ye tales of empty love!
What are ye now, if two-fold death be nigh?
The first is certain, and the last I dread.
Ah! what does sculpture, what does painting prove?
When we have seen the cross and fix'd our eye,
On Him whose arms of love were there outspread.



Child's Faith.

O THAT I had thy faith, thou gentle child!
Thy trust in the bright future, and could see
Clearly, by human reasoning undefiled,
The spiritual land like thee.

Teach me thy love, thou meek philosopher!
Show me thy nightly visions, bright-eyed seer!
Give me thy faith!—why should I blindly err,
And shrink with conscious fear?

Why should my soul be dark, while I can pour
Forth from my feeble longings, light on thine?
Why tremble I, when thou canst proudly soar?
O that thy faith were mine!

Death cannot chill thy heart, nor dim thine eye,
For thou dost fear it not; thou hast no dread
In looking toward the future mystery—
No dark fears for the dead.

With thee the dead are bless'd; they have gone forth
Thou know'st not whither, but to some fair home,
Brighter, far brighter than our summer earth,
Where sorrow cannot come.

It matters not to thee that angel guest
Nor spirit hath come down to tell thee where,
In those delicious islands of the blest—
Thou know'st that they are there.

What marvel then that thou shouldst shed no tear,
Standing beside the dead that thou shouldst wreathe
Thyself with flowers, and thy bright beauty wear
E'en in the house of death!

O thou undoubting one! who from the Tree
Of Life hast pluck'd and eaten, well may'st thou,
Unknowing evil, walk in spirit free
With thine unclouded brow!

Thy faith is knowledge—and without a fear
Lookest thou onward in the light reveal'd;
Thou blessed child! in thee will I revere
The truth which God hath seal'd.

I will not doubt—like thee I will arise,
And clothe my soul in light, nor more repine
That life, and death, and heaven are mysteries—
Thy strong faith shall be mine.

Then may I see the beautiful depart,
The fair flowers of my spring-time fade and die,
With an unquestioning, unrebelling heart,
Strong in God's certainty.

The Genius of Death.

The Genius of Death is beautifully represented in the "Gem" as a winged boy, his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch reversed in the right hand.

What is death? 'T is to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-home, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What 's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on.
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

Friend Sorrow.

Do not cheat thy heart, and tell her
"Grief will pass away—
Hope for fairer times in future
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget"—
Bitter truth, alas! but matter
Rather for regret.
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures—
Turn to other things:"
Rather nurse her cagèd sorrow
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet,
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet.
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her
By her dusky wings;
And she'll whisper low and gently
Blessings that she brings.

How Peacefully!

How peacefully they rest!
Cross-folded there
Upon his little breast!
Those tiny hands that ne'er were still before;
But ever sported with its mother's hair,
Or the bright gem that on her breast she wore!

Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seem'd a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To bless him with their holy calm;
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet!

How quiet are the hands
That wore those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropp'd asleep.
Alas! too deep—too deep

Is this his slumber!
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again—
O! may we see his eyelids open then!

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
And list'ning to their fairy chime.
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore,
While yet 't was early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more.
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel.
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more!
O! stern word—never more!

My Beloved is Mine, and I am His.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance nor death, can
bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
He 's firmly mine by oath, I His by vow;
He 's mine by faith, and I am His by love;
He 's mine by water, I am His by wine;
Thus I my best Beloved's am—thus He is mine!

He is my altar; I His holy place;
I am His guest, and He my living food;
I 'm His by penitence; He mine by grace;
I 'm his by purchase; He is mine by blood;
He 's my supporting elm, and I His vine;
Thus I my best Beloved's am—thus He is mine!

He gives me wealth; I give Him all my vows;
I give him songs; He gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace He crowns my conquer-
ing brows,
And I His temples, with a crown of praise
Which He accepts; an everlasting sign
That I my best Beloved's am—that He is mine!

Comfort.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
Who art not miss'd by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet—
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber; while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Summer Studies.

TO A FRIEND WHO COMPLAINED THAT HE COULD NOT STUDY IN JUNE.

Why shouldst thou study in the month of June
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the Great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

There is a brighter book unrolling now;
Fair are its leaves as is the tree of heaven,
All vein'd, and dew'd, and gemm'd with wondrous signs,
To which a healing, mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call
From the fair hill-top, from the waterfall;
Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee,
And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

Now is that glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's buried beauties have new birth;
Behold the yearly miracle complete—
God hath created a new heaven and earth!

No tree that wants his joyful garment now;
No flower but hastes his bravery to don;
God bids thee to this marriage-feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

All fringed with festal gold the barberry stands;
The ferns exultant clap their new-made wings;
The hemlock nestles broideries of fresh green,
And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

The long, light fingers of the old white pines
Do beckon thee into the flickering wood,
Where moving spots of light show mystic flowers,
And wavering music fills the dreamy hours.

Hast thou no time for all this wondrous show—
No thought to spare? Wilt thou forever be
With thy last year's dry flower-stalk and dead leaves,
And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the pines push off their last year's leaves,
And stretch beyond them with exultant bound;
The grass and flowers with living power o'ergrow
Their last year's remnants on the greening ground.

Wilt thou, then, all thy wintry feelings keep,
The old dead routine of thy book-writ lore;
Nor deem that God can teach by one bright hour
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky;
Ah! breathe that life-born languor from thy breast,
And know once more a child's unreasoning joy.

Cease, cease to think, and be content to be;
Swing safe at anchor in fair Nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the bird, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud; wave with the dreaming pine,
And float with Nature all the live-long day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee if, restful still,
Thou rightly studiest in the summer hour;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest shall gather power.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight;
The treasured riches of these thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and bright.



RUTH AND NAOMI.

Ruth.

SUGGESTED BY A STATUE EXECUTED BY MR. ROGERS, IN FLORENCE.

From age to age, from clime to clime,
A spirit bright as her own morn,
She walks the golden fields of Time,
As erst amid the yellow corn.

A form o'er which the hallow'd vail
Of years bequeaths a lovelier light,
As when the mists of morning sail
Round some far isle to make it bright.

And as some reaper 'mid the grain,
Or binder resting o'er his sheaf,
Beheld her on the orient plain,
A passing vision, bright and brief;

And while he gazed, let fall, perchance,
The sheaf or sickle from his hand—
Thus, even here, as in a trance,
Before her kneeling form I stand.

But not as then she comes and goes
To live in memory alone;
The perfect soul before me glows
Immortal in the living stone.

And while upon her face I gaze,
And scan her rarely rounded form,
The glory of her native days
Comes floating o'er me soft and warm;—

Comes floating, till this shadowy place
Brightens to noontide, and receives
The breath of that old harvest space,
With all its sunshine and its sheaves!

Choice Companie.

I sit beside the foaming fall
 Afar in the wild glen,
I hear above the sheep-dog's call,
 But not the voice of men—
Yet I'm not lonely,—for to me
My own sad thoughts are companie!

I've left a fair and joyous crowd
 Who will not dim one smile,
Nor bate a note of laughter loud
 Though I am gone the while—
Yet am I lonely? No! to me
My own sad thoughts are companie!

'T is lonelier far, than so to sit,
 Away from human din,
To join a crowd, yet be of it
 A part—but not akin!
O is 't not sweeter thus to be
Where my sad thoughts make companie?

They never, like a sunshine friend,
 Without a shadow leave;
The heart they 've taught a bliss to find,
 In what could once but grieve!
There comes a time to all, as me,
When sad thoughts are best companie.



At Night.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

Good night!
Thus the weary we invite,
Waning day in silence flows,
Now all busy hands repose,
Till the darkness wakes to light.
Good night!

Seek repose!
Let the weary eye-lids close!
Silence reigneth in the streets,
With his horn the watchman greets,
And the night cries, as it flows,
Seek repose!

Gently rest!
Slumber on 'mid visions bless'd!
He whom love has robb'd of peace,
May he find in dreams release,
As if she her love confess'd!
Gently rest!

Good night!
Sleep till day-spring wakes on high,
Fearlessly, until the day
Shows new cares upon thy way;
Watchful is the Father's eye!
Good night!

The Ear of Faith.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell:
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely;—and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for murm'rings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith.

There was Silence in Heaven.

Can angel-spirits need repose
 In the full sun-light of the sky?
And can the vail of slumber close
 A cherub's bright and dazzling eye?

Have seraphim a weary brow,
 A fainting heart, an aching breast?
No! for too high their pulses flow
 To languish with inglorious rest.

How could they sleep amid the bliss,
 The banquet of delight above?
Or bear for one short hour to miss
 The vision of the Lord they love?

O! not the death-like calm of sleep
 Could still the everlasting song!
No fairy dream, no slumber deep,
 Entrance the rapt and holy throng!

Yet not the lightest tone was heard
From angel voice, or angel hand;
And not one plumèd pinion stirr'd
Among the bowed and blissful band.

For there was silence in the sky,
A joy not angel tongues could tell,
As from its mystic font on high
The peace of God in silence fell.

O what is silence here below—
The quiet of conceal'd despair?
The pause of pain, the dream of woe?
It is the rest of rapture there.

And to the way-worn pilgrim here,
More kindred seems the perfect peace
Than the full chant of joy to hear
Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me
Into the palace of my God!

Contemplation.

He sat within a silent cave, apart
From men, upon a chair of diamond stone;
Words he had not, companions he had none,
But steadfastly pursued his thoughtful art;
And as he mused he pulled a slender string
Which evermore within his hands he held;
And the dim curtain rose, which had concealed
His thoughts; the city of the immortal King,—
There, pictured in its solemn pomp it lay,
A glorious country stretching round about,
And through its golden gates, pass'd in and out
Men of all nations, on their heavenly way.
On this he mused, and mused the whole day long,
Feeding his feeble faith till it grew strong.



THE ENCLOSURE OF THE HARAM AT JERUSALEM

FROM THE ROOF OF THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE ON THE NORTH

Jerusalem.

Fair shines the moon, Jerusalem,
 Upon the hills that wore
Thy glory once, their diadem
 Ere Judah's reign was o'er:
The stars on hallowed Olivet
 And over Zion burn;
But when shall rise thy splendor set?
 Thy majesty return?

The peaceful shades that wrap thee now
 Thy desolation hide;
The moon-lit beauty of thy brow
 Restores thine ancient pride;
Yet then when Rome thy Temple rent,
 The dews of midnight wet
The marble dome of Omar's tent,
 And Aksa's minaret.

Thy strength, Jerusalem, is o'er,
 And broken are thy walls;
The harp of Israel sounds no more
 In thy deserted halls:

But where thy kings and prophets stood,
Triumphant over death,
Behold the living soul of God,
The Christ of Nazareth.

The halo of His presence fills
Thy courts, thy ways of men;
His footsteps on thy holy hills
Are beautiful as then;
The prayer, whose bloody sweat betray'd
His human agony,
Still haunts the awful olive shade
Of old Gethsemane.

Woe unto thee, Jerusalem!
Slayer of Prophets thou,
That in thy fury stonest them
God sent, and sends thee now;—
Where thou, O Christ! with anguish spent,
Forgave thy foes, and died;
Thy garments yet are daily rent—
Thy soul is crucified!

They darken with the Christian name
The light that from thee beam'd;
And by the hatred they proclaim
Thy Spirit is blasphemed.

Unto thine ears the prayers they send
 Were fit for Belial's reign;
And Moslem cimeters defend
 The temple they profane.

Who shall rebuild Jerusalem?
 Her scatter'd children bring
From Earth's far ends, and gather them
 Beneath her shelt'ring wing?
For Judah's scepter broken lies,
 And from his kingly stem
No new Messiah shall arise
 For lost Jerusalem!

But let the wild ass on her hills
 Its foal unfrighted lead;
And by the source of Kedron's rills
 The desert adder breed:
For when the love of Christ has made
 Its mansion in the heart,
He builds in pomp that will not fade
 Her heavenly counterpart.

How long, O Christ! shall men obscure
 Thy holy charity?
How long the godless rites endure
 Which they bestow on thee?

Thou, in whose soul of tenderness
The Father's mercy shone,
Who came, the sons of men to bless
By Truth and Love alone.

The suns of eighteen hundred years
Have seen thy reign expand,
And Morning, on her pathway, hears
Thy name in every land;
But where thy sacred steps were sent
The Father's will to bide,
Thy garments yet are daily rent—
Thy soul is crucified!

Stanzas.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE.

Within my breast I said, O what is life?
Shall I still follow those before me gone?
Tread the broad way so often travel'd o'er,
And man's immortal folly make mine own?

One seeks for treasures on the mighty deep—
His hopes, his vessel, sleep beneath the wave;
Another climbs the dazzling heights of Fame,
And while resound the echoes—finds a grave.

One, with our varied passions, weaves his plot;
He founds a throne, and mounts thereon to fall;
Another reads his fate in woman's eyes,
And fetter'd, dies in Beauty's silken thrall.

The sluggard in the arms of hunger sleeps;
The laborer guides the fertilizing plow;
The sage reflects and reads; the warrior strikes;
And care knits close the beggar's weary brow.

And whither go they? where the sere leaves go
 Flying before the winter's dreary blast;
The generations which Time sows and reaps
 Thus in their labors fade—and they are past.

And in the struggle Time is conqueror;
 As the full stream engulfs its sandy shore
So he devours these transitory shades:
 They live—they die—and they are seen no more.

I sing the Master I adore, amid
 The city's din, and in the deserts calm;
In forest glade, or on the trackless sea,
 When morning wakes, or evening breathes her balm.

The earth demands, Who is the Lord? 'Tis He
 Whose soul immense pervades the realms of space;
Whose single step measures infinity,
 By whom the Sun in glory runs his race.

'Tis He! it is the Lord! let me repeat
 To earth's inhabitants His glorious name;
A golden lamp before His altars hung,
 I'll shine for Him until He part my frame.

The Angels of Grief.

With silence only as their benediction
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he has given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As his in heaven.

Lines

SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF SOME LATE AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
O! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd;
The sister of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye 're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends,)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half utterèd,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day—
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath.
I leave the summer rose—
For younger, blither brows,
Tell me of change and death.

Beyond the River.

Time is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They 've passed from Life's contracted bourne,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'T is hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their vail unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothèd sorrow dries the tear.
Sometimes the list'ning ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats,
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've cross'd Time's River—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have pass'd,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

A Hymn of Light.

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Before the sun, before the heavens, thou wert."—MILTON.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun roll'd black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Æthiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencil'd the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green;
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the Fiend's art on her trustful heart
Had fasten'd its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear,
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accurs'd,
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth among the dead;
With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast
Night's funeral shadow slept,
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flash'd on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast Man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile the best smile of a friend:

Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again
As they bask in my matinal sheen.
O! if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the homes of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!



NEHEMIAH AND ARTAXERXES.

Nehemiah to Artaxerxes.

Nehemiah ii.

'Tis sorrow, O king! of the heart,
Not anguish of body or limb,
That causes the hue from my cheek to depart,
And mine eye to grow rayless and dim.

'T is the mem'ry of Salem afar,
Of Salem the city of God,
In darkness now wrapp'd like the moon and the star
When the tempests of night are abroad.

The walls of the city are razed,
The gates of the city are burn'd;
And the temple of God, where my fathers have praised,
To the ashes of ruin are turn'd.

The palace of kings is consumed,
Where the timbrels were wont to resound;
And the sepulchre domes, like the bones they entomb'd,
Are mold'ring away in the ground.

And the fugitive remnant that breathe
In the land that their fathers have trod,
Sit in sorrow and gloom; for a shadow like death
O'erhangs every wretched abode.

I have wept, I have fasted, and pray'd
To the great and the terrible God,
For this city of mine that in ruin is laid,
And my brethren who smart by his rod.

And now I beseech thee, O king!
If favor I find in thy sight,
That I may revisit my home, where the wing
Of destruction is spread like the night.

And when I to Shushan return
From rebuilding my forefather's tomb,
No more shall the heart of thy cup-bearer burn
With those sorrows that melt and consume.

Little Children.

Weep not for them! it is no cause for sorrow
That their's was no long pathway to the tomb;
They had one bright to-day; no sad to-morrow
Rising in hope, and darkening into gloom.

Weep not for them! their snowy plumes expanded
E'en now are waving through the worlds of light;
Perchance, on messages of love remanded,
They sweep across your chambers in the night.

Weep not for them! Give tears unto the living!
O waste no vain regret on lot like theirs!
But rather make it reason for thanksgiving
That ye have nurtured angels unawares!

The Image of the Dead.

TO —— —— ——.

True indeed it is
That they whom death hath hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them
The future cannot contradict the past.
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone.—WORDSWORTH.

I CALL thee bless'd! though now the voice be fled
Which to thy soul brought day-spring with its tone,
And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
Eyes that ne'er look'd on thine but light was thrown
Far through thy breast:

And though the music of thy life be broken,
Or changed in every chord since he is gone—
Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,
O thou, the deeply, but the brightly lone,
I call thee bless'd!

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
As mid the waste an isle of fount and palm,
Forever gone! the world's breath enters not,
The passion tempests may not break its calm:
'Tis thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust unbaffled, mayst thou turn
From weary words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn
That, fill'd with waters of sweet mem'ry, lies
In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy home! there is no power in change
To reach that temple of the past—no sway
In all Time brings, of sudden, dark, or strange,
To sweep the still, transparent peace away
From its hush'd air.

And O! that glorious image of the dead!
Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,
And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
Its high gifts fearlessly!—I call thee bless'd,
If only there!

Bless'd; for the beautiful within thee dwelling,
Never to fade!—a refuge from distrust,
A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust
With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved!—it is no dream,
No false mirage for thee—the fervent love,
The rainbow still unreach'd, the ideal gleam,
That ever seems before, beyond, above,
Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth
Singled and mark'd, hast known its home and place;
And the high memory of its holy worth
To this our life a glory and a grace
For thee hath given.

And art thou not still fondly, truly loved?
Thou art!—the love his spirit bore away
Was not for earth!—a treasure but removed,
A bright bird parted for a clearer day—
Thine still in heaven!

Cottage Children.

WRITTEN AMONG THE HILLS OF YARROW.

Heaven bless ye! ye dear little sons of the hut!
Why startle and run from your play, boys?
Do the sound and the sight of strangers affright?
Then surely but few pass this way, boys:
Yet sweet is your cottage that stands all alone,
And smooth is the sward of your vale, boys;
And dear is each crook of the whisp'ring brook
That bids it each moment farewell, boys.
And high are the hills that enclose you around,
Where your flocks ever peacefully feed, boys;
And blue is the sky that attracts your young eye
As it rests on your green mountain's head, boys.

Here meek Meditation might love to reside,
To silence and solitude given;

And calm as they glide might the hours divide
Between her mild home and the Heaven!
Ah, children, but small is this valley of yours,
It is all the world that you know, boys!
Yet behind that high mound lies a world without bound,
But alas! 't is a world full of woe, boys.

From the height of yon hill, looking onward afar,
The valley may charm by its smile, boys;
But approach it more near, and 't will rugged appear,
And beset is each scene with a toil, boys.
Then quit not your cottage, ye sons of the wild,
And still of your mountain be fond, boys;
For what do you lose but a myriad of woes
By knowing not what is beyond, boys?

And sleep with your fathers! how soothing the thought!
When the sun-tide of life is gone by, boys,

Give your clay to the sod, and your souls to the God
Who dwells in yon bright azure sky, boys.
Let the moss-covered seat, and the shade of the thorn,
Which were dear to your fathers, be thine, boys;
And the hut which now rears your infantile years,
Let it shield, too, your hoary decline, boys.

Invocation to Sleep.

Come, with thy downy wings, soft to my pillow;
Scatter (fresh-gathered) thy poppies around;
Truce bring to care—bring a respite to sorrow;
Darken the window, and hush every sound.

Come, with thy chalice fill'd, just from the fountain,
Causing forgetfulness still with the sip,—
Rest to the weary limbs—peace to the troubled—
Waters of Lethe to moisten the lip.

Come, with thy signet, the eye-lids impressing;
Shut out the world, with its toils, from the view.
Hopes all and fears all,—its pains and its pleasures,
Its light and its shadows—adieu! and adieu!

Prayer during Battle.

Father, I call on Thee!
Roaring, the cannons hurl round me their clouds!
Flashing, the lightning bursts wildly its shrouds!
God of battles, I call upon thee!
Father, O guide thou me!

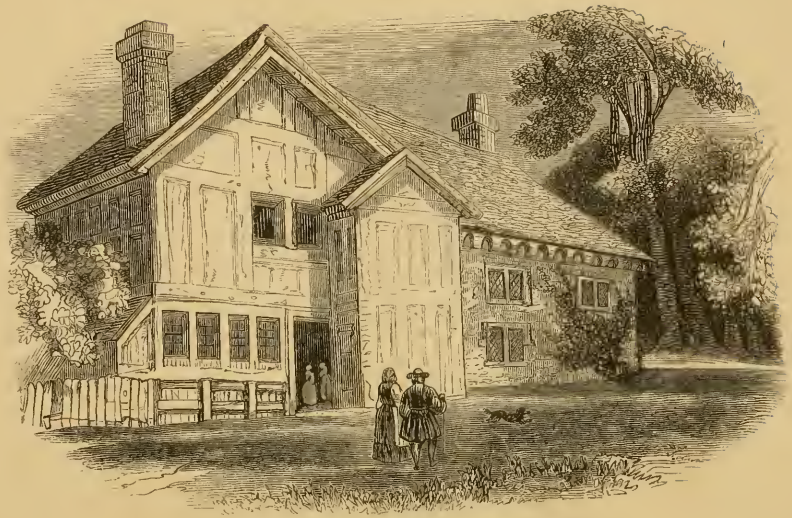
Father, O guide Thou me!
Lead me to victory, lead me to death!
Lord, I'll acknowledge thee with my last breath.
Lord, as thou listest, guide thou me!
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
As when the autumn-leaves fall to the ground,
So, when the thunders of battle resound,
Fountain of mercy, I recognize Thee.
Father, O bless thou me!

Father, O bless thou me!
E'en to thy guidance my life I will trust,
Thou gavest me life, thou canst turn me to dust;
In life or in death, be thy blessing on me!
Father, I honor thee!

Father, I honor thee!
'T is not a fight for this world's golden hoard;
Holy is what we protect with the sword,
Hence, falling or vanquishing, praise be to thee!
God, I submit to thee!

God, I submit to thee!
When round me roar the dread thunders of death,
When my veins' torrent shall drain my last breath,
Then, O my God, I submit unto thee!
Father, I call on thee!



MILTON'S HOUSE AT CHALFONT.

Milton on his Loss of Sight.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to thee!

O merciful One!
When men are farthest then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my helplessness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear:

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes;
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

A Story of School.

The red light shone through the open door,
From the round declining sun;
And fantastic shadows all about
On the dusty floor were thrown,
As the factory clock told the hour of five,
And the school was almost done.

The mingled hum of the busy town
Rose faint from her lower plain;
And we saw the steeple over the trees
With its motionless golden vane;
And heard the cattle's musical low,
And the rustle of standing grain.

In the open casement a lingering bee
Murmured a drowsy tune;
And from the upland meadows a song,
In the lulls of the afternoon,
Had come on the air that wander'd by
Laden with the scents of June.

Our tasks were finish'd and lessons said,
And we sat, all hushed and still,
Listening to catch the purl of the brook,
And the whirl of the distant mill;
And waiting the word of dismissal that yet
Waited the master's will.

The master was old, and his form was bent,
And scatter'd and white his hair;
But his heart was young, and there ever dwelt
A calm and kindly air,
Like a halo over a pictured saint,
On his face marked deep with care.

His eyes were closed, and his wrinkled hands
Were folded over his vest,
As wearily back in his old arm-chair
He reclined as if to rest;
And the golden, streaming sunlight fell
On his brow and down his breast.

We waited in reverent silence long,
And silence the master kept;
Though still the accustomed saintly smile

Over his features crept;
And we thought, worn with the lengthened toil
Of the summer's day, he slept.

So we quietly rose and left our seats,
And outward into the sun,
From the gathering shades of the dusty room,
Stole silently, one by one;
For we knew, by the distant striking clock,
It was time the school was done.

And left the master, sleeping alone—
Alone in his high-back'd chair;
With his eyelids closed, and his wither'd palms
Folded as if in prayer;
And the mingled light and smile on his face—
And we knew not death was there!

Nor knew that, just as the clock struck five,
His kindly soul away
A shadowy messenger silently bore
From his trembling house of clay,
To be a child with the saints of heaven,
And to dwell with Christ alway!

Not to Myself Alone.

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries;
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom,
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping every eventide
His dainty fill:
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threat'ning ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast;
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronet of jet
His power and skill who form'd our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His hope on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murm'ring hum;
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I roam the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come.
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if he repay my cheerful toil
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings;
"Not to myself alone I raise my song—
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings—
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore—
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way;
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide—
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay.

I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone,"—
O man! forget not thou—earth's honor'd priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part!
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown—
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God—
Not to thyself alone!

The German Watchman's Song.

Hark ye, neighbors, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below, from God in heaven.
Human watch from harm can't ward us—
God will watch and God will guard us;
May He, through eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night!

Hark ye, neighbors, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind
Taught the Gospel to mankind.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye, neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye, neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has struck on the belfry bell!
One God above is Lord indeed,
Who is our strength in time of need.
Human watch &c.

Hark ye, neighbors, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free;
Neighbor, choose the good for thee.
Human watch &c.

Hark ye, neighbors, and hear me tell—
Three now tolls on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Human watch from harm can't ward us—
God will watch and God will guard us;
May He, through eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night!

The Child of Earth.

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day;
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow:
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
"I am content to die—but O, not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while the bright flowers round my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—
I am content to die—but O, not now!"

The Spring hath ripened into summer-time;
The season's viewless boundary is pass'd;
The glorious Sun hath reach'd its burning prime;
O! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
"Let me not perish while, o'er land and lea,
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
For, while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone,
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
I am content to die—but O, not now!"

Summer is gone ; and Autumn's sober hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn:
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream ;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruby gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to die—but O, not now!"

The bleak wind whistles ; snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground :
Autumn hath pass'd away, and cold and drear
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound ;
Yet still that prayer ascends. "O! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud—
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but O, not now!"

The Spring has come again—the joyful Spring.
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;

The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing;
The child of earth is number'd with the dead!
Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond, familiar voice arouse again.
Death's silent shadow vails thy darken'd brow;
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now.

My Friends.

With conscious pride, I view the band
Of faithful friends that round me stand;
With pride exult that I alone
Can join these scatter'd gems in one;
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

'T is mine their inmost souls to see;
Unlock'd is every heart to me;
To me they cling—on me they rest,
And I 've a place in every breast;
For they 're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie!

Sonnet.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

If e'er I hear the plaint of birds, or sound
Of green leaves stirred by the soft summer air,
Or rush of sparkling waters as they bound
Through grassy banks, with golden flowers fair;
As sad I sit and muse of love and write—
I hear, I know, I see before my eyes
Her whom Heaven gave, but earth now hides from sight.

Living, she answers from afar my sighs:
"Why art thou wasted ere thy time with grief?"
Gently she says, "Why stream those bitter tears?
Weep not for me—dying, I changed my brief
And transient moments for immortal years;
Seeming to close my eyes in deepest night,
I opened them to everlasting light!"



THE REVEILLE

Charade.

Come from my first! ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,
So forward; and farewell!

Toll ye my second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light!
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night.
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast;
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,
So take him to his rest.

Call ye my whole! ay call
 The lord of lute and lay!
And let him greet the sable pall
 With a noble song to-day.
Go call him by his name;
 No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's name
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

Content.—Discontent.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire,
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

Wood Hymn.

Broods there some spirit here?
The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud,
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
The wildwood hyacinth with awe seems bow'd;
And something of a tender cloistral gloom
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams,
Through the dim dewy vail of foliage round,
Comes, tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
As if it knew the place were holy ground,
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
Flowers all divinely nursed.

Wakes there some spirit here?
A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing by,
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery!
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade!

Yes, lightly, softly move!
There is a Power, a Presence in the woods;
A viewless Being, that with life and love
Informs the reverential solitudes;
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, Thou art here, my God!

And if with awe we tread
The minster-floor, beneath the storied pane,
And 'midst the mold'ring banners of the dead,
Shall the green voiceful wild seem less Thy fane,
Where Thou alone hast built?—where arch and roof
Are of Thy living woof?

The silence and the sound
In the lone places breathe alike of Thee;
The temple-twilight, or the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
All, all with Thee are fill'd.

O, purify mine eyes
More and yet more, by love and holy thought,
Thy presence, Holiest One! to recognize

In these majestic isles which thou hast wrought!
And, 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear
Ever thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone
With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own!
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er nature thrown by Guilt!—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree-shadows lie!
Father, O keep my footsteps pure and free,
To walk the woods with Thee!

Only Waiting.

A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown:
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
For the summer time is faded
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

The Fire-Fly.

The day has departed, and, far in the west,
The sun has gone down in his chambers of rest;
The earth is enwrapp'd in her mantle of night,
And the gleam of the Fire-fly breaks on the sight.

How mild, unobtrusive, and transient the ray!
No noise or confusion is heard in their play;
Now backward, now forward, incessant they veer,
As gaily they move in their shining career.

Thou wonder of childhood—mysterious light!
How welcome thy glow in the darkness of night!
A spark evanescent,—a beam of the sun,—
Or a wandering star when the day-light is done.

Now low on the grass, and now high in the trees,
They part, intermingle, and float on the breeze;
How voiceless the music that guides them along!
'T is nature's thanksgiving—'t is silence of song.

If thus such a poor insignificant fly
Can honor the name of the Holy and High,
O what does He ask of the souls he has given,
To shine evermore in the kingdom of Heaven!



JEWS AT BABYLON

Psalm cxxxvii.

"By the Rivers of Babylon."

We sat us down and wept
Where Babel's waters slept,
And we thought of home and Zion as a long-gone, happy dream;
We hung our harps in air
On the willow boughs which there,
Gloomy as round a sepulchre, were drooping o'er the stream.

The foes, whose chain we wore,
Were with us on that shore,
Exulting in our tears that told the bitterness of woe.
"Sing us," they cried aloud,
"Ye once so high and proud,
The songs ye sang in Zion ere we laid her glory low."

And shall the harp of heaven,
To Judah's monarch given,
Be touch'd by captive fingers, or grace a fetter'd hand?
No! sooner be my tongue
Mute, powerless, unstrung,
Than its words of holy music make glad a stranger land.

May this right hand, whose skill
Can wake the harp at will,
And bid the listeners' joys or griefs in light or darkness come,
Forget its godlike power,
If, for one brief, dark hour,
My heart forgets Jerusalem, fallen city of my home!

Sorrow.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow,
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmorean calmness. Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, lasting to the end.

Thou God Seest Me.

O God unseen, but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fixed on me;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompassed by thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space
To nothing am I long allied;
For flight of time, and change of place,
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they?
Friends whom I knew I know no more;
Companions once that cheer'd my way
Have dropp'd behind, or gone before.

Now I am one amid the crowd
Of life and action, hurrying round:
Now left alone,—for, like a cloud,
They came, they went, and are not found.

E'en from myself sometimes I part—
Unconscious sleep is nightly death ;
Yet surely by my bed Thou art,
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done or said
How little can I now recall!
Forgotten things to me are dead ;
With Thee they live, Thou know'st them all.

The moment comes, the only one
Of all my time to be foretold;
Though when, and where, and how, can none
Of all the race of man unfold.

That moment comes when strength must fail,
When health, and hope, and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death with Thee alone.

Alone with Thee, in that dread strife,
Uphold me through mine agony ;
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
 Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unvail'd presence stands,
 Of Thee, my Saviour and my God;

Be mine eternal portion this,
 Since Thou wert always here with me,
That I may view Thy face in bliss,
 And be for evermore with Thee!

"Passing Away."—A Dream.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes, as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words,—as they float they say—
"Passing away! Passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear,
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.

For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung,
(As you 've sometimes seen in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing,)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoy'd it she seem'd to say—
"Passing away! Passing away!"

O how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of Time, as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seem'd to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed:—in a few short hours
The bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretch'd hands, and flung
This way and that, as she dancing swung
In the fullness of grace and of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;—
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say—
"Passing away! Passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought or care stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.

The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush,
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels
That march'd so calmly around, above her,
Was a little dimm'd,—as when Evening steals
Upon Noon's hot face:—yet one could not but love her;
For she look'd like a mother whose first babe lay
Rock'd on her breast as she swung all day,—
And she seem'd, in the same silver tone, to say—
"Passing away! Passing away!"

While yet I look'd, what a change there came!
Her eye was quench'd and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her wither'd frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust,
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial swept
Grew crooked and tarnish'd, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,—
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay,)—
"Passing away! Passing away!"

Dies Iræ.

I.

Day of wrath! that day dismaying,—
As the seers of old are saying,
All the world in ashes laying.

II.

What the fear! and what the quaking!
When the Judge His way is taking,
Strictest search in all things making.

III.

When the trump, with blast astounding,
Through the tombs of earth resounding,
Bids all stand, the throne surrounding!

IV.

Death and Nature all aghast are,—
While the dead rise fast and faster,
Answering to their Judge and Master!

V.

Forth is brought the record solemn;
See o'erwrit in each dread column,
With men's deeds, the Doomsday volume.

VI.

Now the Sov'reign Judge is seated;
All long hid, is loud repeated;
Naught escapes the judgment meted.

VII.

Ah! what plea shall I be pleading?
Who for me be interceding
When the just man help is needing?

VIII.

O! thou King of awful splendor;
Of salvation free, the Sender,
Grace to me, All-gracious, render!

IX.

Jesus, Lord, my plea let this be,
Mine the woe, that brought from bliss Thee;
On that day, Lord, wilt Thou miss me?

X.

Wearily for me Thou soughtest;
On the cross my soul Thou boughtest;
Lose not all for which Thou wroughtest!

XI.

Vengeance, Lord, then be thy mission!
Now of sin grant free remission
Ere that day of inquisition.

XII.

Low in shame before Thee groaning,
Blushes deep my sin are owning;
Hear, O Lord, my suppliant moaning!

XIII.

Her of old that sinned forgiving,
And the dying thief receiving,
Thou, to me too, hope art giving.

XIV.

In my prayer, though sin discerning,
Yet, good Lord, in goodness turning,
Save me from the endless burning!

XV.

'Mid Thy sheep be my place given;
Far the goats from me be driven;
At Thy right hand fix'd in heaven.

XVI.

When the cursed are confounded,
With devouring flame surrounded,
With the blest be my name sounded.

XVII.

Bowed and prostrate hear me crying;
Heart in dust before thee lying;
Lord, my end, O be thou nigh in!

XVIII.

Ah, that day! that day of weeping!
When in dust no longer sleeping,
Man to God in guilt is going,
Lord, be then thy mercy showing!

A Vision of Immortality.

BEING A SEQUEL TO "THANATOPSIS," AND THE "HYMN TO DEATH."

I who essayed to sing in earlier days
The Thanatopsis and the Hymn to Death,
Wake now the Hymn to Immortality.
Yet once again, O man, come forth and view
The haunts of Nature—walk the waving fields,
Enter the silent groves, or pierce again
The depths of the untrodden wilderness,
And she shall teach thee.

Thou hast learn'd before
One lesson—and her Hymn of Death hath fallen
With melancholy sweetness on thine ear:
Yet she shall tell thee with her myriad tongues
That life is there—life in uncounted forms,
Stealing in silence through the hidden roots,
In every branch that swings—in the green leaves
And waving grain, and the gay summer flowers
That gladden the beholder.

Listen now,
And she shall teach thee that the dead have slept
But to awaken in more glorious forms—
And that the mystery of the soul's decay
Is but the promise of the coming life.
Each towering oak that lifts its living head
To the broad sunlight in eternal strength,
Glories to tell thee that the acorn died.
The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
Are eloquent with the voice of love and hope,
And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay!
Yet not alone shall flower and forest raise
The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.
The insect brood are there!—each painted wing
That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now
From the close cerements of a worm's own shroud,
Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
In its glad beauty from the gloom of death,
Where the crush'd mold beneath the sunken foot
Seems but the sepulchre of old decay;
Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
The gather'd myriads of a mimic world.
The breath of evening and the sultry morn
Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses,

That earth, from her unnumber'd caves of death,
Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life.

Raise then the Hymn to Immortality:
The broad, green prairies, and the wilderness,
And the old cities, where the dead have slept
Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
Of myriads, waking from the silent dust.
Kings that lay down in state, and earth's poor slaves
Resting together in one fond embrace.
The white-hair'd patriarch and the tender babe
Grown old together, in the flight of years;
They of immortal fame, and they whose praise
Was never sounded in the ears of men—
Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd—
All the vast concourse in the halls of Death,
Shall waken from the dreams of silent years
To hail the dawn of the immortal day.
Ay, learn the lesson! Though the worm shall be
Thy brother in the mystery of death!
And all shall pass—humble, and proud, and gay—
Together, to earth's mighty charnel-house,

Yet the Immortal is thy heritage!
The grave shall gather thee: yet thou shalt
come,
Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth,
In rags or purple, but array'd as those
Whose mortal puts on immortality!

Then mourn not when thou markest the decay
Of Nature, and her solemn hymn of death
Steals with a note of sadness to thy heart,
That other voice with its rejoicing tones
Breaks from the mold with every bursting
flower,
"O grave! thy victory!"

And thou, O man,
Burden'd with sorrow at the woes that crowd
Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head
In the strong hope of the undying life,
And shout the Hymn to Immortality.
The dear departed that have pass'd away
To the still house of Death, leaving thine own;
The gray-hair'd sire that died in blessing thee,
Mother, or sweet-lipp'd babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise—
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,

At God's appointment, through the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the Immortal Hills.

And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings
Thine uncrown'd head, now lowlier than theirs,
Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
A king and priest to God—when thou shalt pass
Forth from these silent halls to take thy place
With patriarchs and the prophets, and the bless'd,
Gone up from every land to people heaven;
So live that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renew'd,
Like the strong eagle's, for the upward flight.

THE END.

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